

A N
A N S W E R

To ALL which

The Rev^d Dr. GYLL

Has Printed on the

Final PERSEVERANCE

OF THE

S A I N T S.

By the Rev^d Mr. **WESLEY.**

L O N D O N

Printed ; and sold at the *Foundery*, near *Upper-Moor-*
fields ; by *T. Try*, near *Gray's Inn-Gate*, *Holbourn* ;
by *J. Robinson*, in *Ludgate-Street*, and by *T. James*,
under the *Royal-Exchange*. MDCCLIV.

[Price One Penny.]

Lately Published,

And Sold at the aforefaid Places.

Serious Thoughts on the Perseverance of
the Saints. Price 2d.

Predestination calmly confidered. p. 8d.

Scripture Doctrine concerning Election,
&c. p. 2d.

A Dialogue between a Predestinarian and
his Friend. p. 1d.

Seriour Considerations concerning Election
p. 1d.

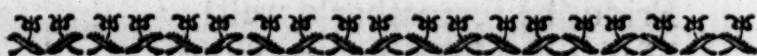
Serious Considerations concerning Repro-
bation. p. 2d.



AN ANSWER

To ALL which

The Reverend Dr. *GILL*, &c.



I **O** Take away the Stone,
 JESU the Bar remove,
Th' accursed Thing to me unknown,
 That stops thy streaming Love :
 Thy Grace is always free,
 Thou waitest to be Good,
And still thy Spirit grieves for me,
 And speaks thy sprinkled Blood.

2 Ah ! do not let me trust
 In Gifts and Graces past,
But lay my Spirit in the Dust,
 And stop my Mouth at last.
 What Thou for me hast done,
 I can no longer plead ;
Thy Truth and Faithfulness I own,
 If now Thou strike me dead.

Surely

3 Surely I once believ'd,
 And felt my Sins forgiven,
 Thy faithful Record I receiv'd,
 That Thou hast purchas'd Heaven
 For me, and All Mankind,
 Who from their Sins would part ;
 The Peace of God I once cou'd find,
 The Witness in my Heart.

4 But soon the subtle Fiend
 Beguil'd my simple Mind,
 Darkneſs with Light he knew to blend,
 Falſhood and Truth he join'd ;
 Pride (he remember'd well)
 Had caſt him from the Skies :
 By Pride the firſt Tranſgreſſor fell,
 And loſt his Paradife.

5 Arm'd with this fiery Dart
 The Enemy drew nigh,
 And preach'd to my unſettled Heart
 His bold preſumptuous Lie ;
 ' You are ſecure of Heaven,
 ' (The Tempter ſoftly ſays)
 ' *You are Eleſt*, and once forgiven
 ' Can never fall from Grace.

6 ' You never can receive
 ' The Grace of God in vain :
 ' The Gift, be ſure, He did not give,
 ' To take it back again ;
 ' He cannot take it back,
 ' Whether you uſe, or no
 ' His Grace ; you cannot Shipwreck make
 ' Of Faith, or let it go.

' You

- 7 ' You never can forget
 ' Your GOD, or leave Him now,
 ' Or once look back, if you have set
 ' Your Hand unto the Plow :
 ' You never can deny
 ' The LORD who you hath bought,
 ' Nor can your GOD his own *pass by*,
 ' Tho' you receive Him not.
- 8 ' GOD is unchangeable,
 ' And therefore so are you ;
 ' And therefore they can never fail
 ' Who once his Goodness knew ;
 ' In Part perhaps you may,
 ' You cannot wholly fall,
 ' Cannot become a Castaway,
 ' Like *Non-elected Paul*.
- 9 ' Tho' you continue not,
 ' Yet GOD remains the same,
 ' Out of his Book He cannot blot
 ' Your everlasting Name :
 ' Cut off you shall not be,
 ' You never shall remove,
 ' Secure from all Eternity
 ' In his *electing Love*.
- 10 ' If GOD the Seed did sow,
 ' He sow'd it not in vain,
 ' It cannot to Perfection grow,
 ' But it must still remain :
 ' Nor Cares, nor Sins can choak,
 ' Or make the Grace depart,
 ' Nor can it be by Satan took
 ' Out of your careless Heart.

- 11 ' You must for ever live,
 ' If of the chosen Race ;
 ' If God did but one Talent give
 ' Of special, saving Grace,
 ' You cannot bury it ;
 ' He never can reprove,
 ' Or cast you out into the Pit
 ' For trampling on his Love.
- 12 ' God sees in you no Sin ;
 ' On his Decree depend ;
 ' You who did in the Sp'rit begin,
 ' In Flesh can never end :
 ' You never can reject
 ' His Mercies, or abuse,
 ' His great Salvation none neglect,
 ' And Death and Evil chuse.
- 13 ' If once the Sp'rit unclean
 ' Out of his House is gone,
 ' He never more can enter in,
 ' Or seize you for his own ;
 ' You need not dread the Fate
 ' Of Reprobates accurst,
 ' Or tremble lest your last Estate
 ' Be worser than the First.
- 14 ' Surely the righteous Man
 ' Can never more draw back,
 ' He his own Mercies never can
 ' With his good Works forsake ;
 ' That he should sink to Hell
 ' In his Iniquity,
 ' God *may suppose it possible,*
 ' *But it can never be.*

- 15 ' His Threatnings all are vain,
 ' You fancy Him sincere,
 ' But spare yourself the needless Pain,
 ' And cast away your Fear.
 ' He speaks with this Intent
 ' To frighten you from Ill
 ' With Sufferings, which He only meant
 ' The Reprobate should feel.
- 16 ' He only meant to warn
 ' The damn'd, devoted Race,
 ' Back from his Ways lest they should turn
 ' Who never knew his Ways ;
 ' He only cautions all
 ' Who never came to God,
 ' Not to depart from God, or fall
 ' From Grace, who never stood.
- 17 ' His Threatnings are a Jest,
 ' Or nor design'd for you ;
 ' He only means them for the Rest,
 ' And they shall find them true,
 ' Who slight his Mercy's Call,
 ' Which they cou'd ne'er embrace :
 ' He warns th' Apostates not to fall
 ' From common (*damning*) Grace.
- 18 ' 'Gainst those that faithless prove
 ' He shuts his Mercy's Door,
 ' And whom He never once did love
 ' Threatens to love no more :
 ' From them He doth revoke
 ' The Grace they did not share,
 ' And blot the Names out of his Book
 ' That ne'er were written there.

- 19 ' But you may rest secure,
 ' And safely take your Ease,
 ' If you are once in Grace, be sure
 ' You always are in Grace :
 ' Cast all your Fears away,
 ' My Son, be of good Chear,
 ' Nor mind what *Paul* or *Peter* say,
 ' For you *must* persevere.
- 20 ' And did they fright the Child,
 ' And tell it, it might fall ?
 ' Might be of its Reward beguil'd,
 ' And sin, and forfeit all :
 ' Might to its Vomit turn,
 ' And wallow in the Mire,
 ' And perish in its Sins, and burn
 ' In everlasting Fire !
- 21 ' What naughty Men be they
 ' To take the Children's Bread,
 ' Their carnal Confidence to slay,
 ' And force them to take heed !
 ' With humble useless Doubt
 ' The fearful Babes they fill,
 ' Compell'd with Trembling to work out
 ' Their own Salvation still.
- 22 ' Ah poor misguided Soul !
 ' And did they make it weep !
 ' Come, let me in my Bosom lull
 ' Thy Sorrows all to sleep :
 ' Thine Eyes in Safety close,
 ' Secure from all Alarms,
 ' And take thine undisturb'd Repose,
 ' And rest within my Arms.

They

23 ' They shall not vex it so,
 ' By bidding it take heed ;
 ' You need not as a Bulrush go,
 ' Still bowing down your Head :
 ' Your Griefs and Fears reject,
 ' My *other* Gospel own,
 ' Only believe yourself Elect,
 ' And all the Work is done.'

24 'Twas thus the subtle Foe
 Beguild my foolish Heart,
 While weak in Faith I did not know
 His false ensnaring Art :
 I listen'd to a Lie
 Which Nature lik'd so well,
 Believ'd the soothing Fiend that I
 Could never fall—and fell.

25 The Tempter now withdrew,
 And left me free from Care,
 His own Advantage well he knew ;
 My Soul was in his Snare :
 Secure, and lull'd in Ease,
 Sin vex'd me now no more,
 My Sorrows end, my Trouble cease,
 And all my Pangs are o'er.

26 Freed from the inward Cross,
 Of all Corruption full,
 A Prophet of smooth Things I was
 To my own wretched Soul ;
 Unchang'd and unrenew'd,
 Yet still I could not fall :
 Daub'd with untemper'd Mortar stood
 The tottering, whited Wall.

27 My Wound I slightly heal'd,
 And quieted my Grief,
 With all the false Assurance fill'd
 Of damning Unbelief;
 One of the happy Sect,
 Who scoff at Mourners poor,
 That will not dream themselves Elect,
 Till they have made it sure.

28 How happier far was I,
 From Grief and Scruple free,
 Who could from all Conviction fly
 To God's *suppos'd* Decree!
 O what a settled Peace,
 What Comfort did I prove,
 And hug me in my Sins, and bless
 His sweet Electing Love!

29 What if I sinn'd *sometimes*
 In this *imperfect* State,
 It was not like the damning Crimes
 Of a lost Reprobate;
 Sin was not Sin in *me*,
 God doth not blame his own,
 Doth not behold Iniquity
 In any Chosen One.

30 What if I *foully* fell,
 I *finally* could not;
 His Grace is irresistible,
 And back I *must* be brought:
 What if in Sin I liv'd,
 The firm Decree is past,
 I *must* be at my Death receiv'd
 I *must* be sav'd at last.

- 31 How could my Folly dare
Satan and Sin to slight ?
The Judgments of my God were far
Above out of my Sight :
His Wrath was not for me,
And therefore I defied
Mine Enemies, from Danger free,
In self-electing Pride.
- 32 Not all his threaten'd Woes
My stubborn Heart cou'd move ;
His Threatnings only were for those
Who never knew his Love :
He cannot take away
His covenanted Grace,
Tho' I rebel, and disobey,
And mock Him to his Face.
- 33 He cannot me pass by,
Or utterly reject,
Or judge his People, or deny
To save his own Elect ;
He swore to bring me in
To Heaven ; 'twere Perjury
For God to punish me for Sin,
For God to pass by me.
- 34 'Twas thus my wretched Heart
Abus'd his patient Grace,
Provok'd his Mercy to depart,
His Justice to take Place :
Unconscious of its State,
In Death my Soul abode,
Nor groan'd beneath its guilty Weight,
Nor knew its Fall from God.

I could

How

- 35 I could not be restor'd,
By pard'ning Grace renew'd,
While trampling on his Written Word
Self-confident I stood:
He only saves the Lost,
Which I cou'd never be,
I never cou'd be damn'd, but must
Be sav'd by his Decree.
- 36 O my offended God,
If now at last I see,
That I have trampled on thy Blood,
And done Despite to Thee,
If I begin to wake
Out of my deadly Sleep,
Into thine Arms of Mercy take,
And there for ever keep.
- 37 I can no longer trust
In my Abuse of Grace,
I own Thee Merciful and Just,
If banish'd from thy Face:
Tho' once I surely knew,
And felt my Sin's forgiven,
Faithful I own Thee, LORD, and true,
If now shut out from Heaven.
- 38 But O! forbid it, LORD,
Nor drive me from thy Face,
While self-condem'd, and self-abor'd,
I humbly sue for Grace:
For thine own Mercy's Sake
My guilty Soul release,
(And now my Pardon give me back,
And bid me die in Peace.

F I N I S.

1

2

3

T

33

O

10

34

P

Nor